

daughter of our tobacco king, objects much to life at Ellis Island. He thinks the immigrants are "too coarse to associate with" and the "meals at the restaurant aren't good enough." He can't buy 50-cent cigars there, either. He has to smoke the regular five-cent brand, and champagne is prohibited.

Poor prince! It's jolly rotten luck, isn't it?

A CIGAR BAND'S WORK

(Copyrotten, 1912, by Bunk and Slush.)

Maisie hummed a happy little tune as she leaned gracefully but quite naturally over the garden gate. And why should she not be happy? A delicate blush mantled her rounded cheeks as she asked herself the question, and with the keen intuition of a woman's heart answered it almost instantaneously. Yes, indeed—why should she not?

Maisie lived quite alone with her mother, two maiden aunts and six little cousins in the humble cottage at the edge of the village. The rent had not been paid for several months, and yet they were all cheerful. For was not Maisie soon to wed a wealthy guy? She sure was, if nothing sidetracked her. Oh, happy, happy dream of youth!

But who is this, coming down the lane? It is he. He is tall and handsome and dark, and his moustache curls naturally. In a moment her little golden head is resting on his well-padded shoulder!

"Something troubles you, Clarence," she said—for Clarence was indeed his name. How maidenhood knows!

He folded her passionately to his breast. "I—I am going away from here!" he muttered.

She fainted, but the toothbrush in his waistcoat pocket tickled her nose and she revived. "Going away from here?" she repeated with a cold numbness in her heart.

"It won't be for long," he stammered. "There are some new candidates at the lodge, and——"

"Enough!" she hissed. "Go!"

He laughed a hollowed laugh, and drew a cigar from his pocket. Recklessly he tore the gilt band from the middle, threw it to the ground, lighted the cigar and, clenching it savagely in his well-filled teeth, strode down the walk.

How long she sobbed her heart out on the old garden gate Maisie never knew. But what sound is this? She raises her tear-stained dimpled face. "Clarence!"

The golden head again rested on the tooth-brushed, pencil-holdered breast. "You came back!" she cries.

"Yes," he confesses, "I had to. You see, I am saving the cigar bands, and in the excitement of the moment——"

Maisie often shows to her children the chiefest of her treasures—a faded cigar band. And when they ask its meaning she repeats the old tale—of How It Brought Clarence Back to Her!